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To His GRACE the

DUKE of *ARGYLE*,

UPON HIS

ARRIVAL *at* COURT,

AFTER THE

DEFEAT of the *Northern* REBELLION,

March the 6th, 1715.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon* at *Shakeſpear's-Head*, over-againſt *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXVI.

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DUKE of *ARGYLE*,

UPON HIS

Arrival at COURT, after the Defeat of the Northern REBELLION, *March* 6.

ETERNAL *Phœbus*! whoſe propitious Ray,
Darting uncommon Luſtre, crowns the Day
In which great ARGYLE from the *North* arrives,
And with his Preſence, Peace and Pleaſure gives;
As thy bright Beams with conſtant Glory ſhine
Immortaliz'd above with Youth divine,
So may the Brightneſs of his Acts below,
While Time ſhall laſt, with equal Splendor flow.
And, ſince thy Light which all the Globe ſurveys
Thro' its whole Round no greater Hero ſees,
With genial Warmth inform *Britannia*'s Plains,
Moiſten her blooming Vales with ſpringly Rains,
That thy own Lawrel may in Plenty grow
To yield freſh Honours for the Warriour's Brow.

The rugged Rebels of the *North* ſubdu'd,
Britannia ſav'd from Slavery, Flames and Blood,
Bind us with Obligations too too great,
E'er to be cancell'd by the preſent State;
Ages to come muſt, as their Beings riſe,
The Hand that made thoſe Beings happy, prize.

Serene AUGUSTUS, from his ſettled Throne,
With juſt Contempt upon his Foes looks down.
While ARGYLE executes his wiſe Command,
And hurls the Vengeance with ſo brave a Hand;
Our Prince himſelf, were he to take the Field,
The Sword with happier Might could only wield.
Rich in a double Bleſſing let our Iſle
O'erflow with Rapture and ſecurely ſmile:
Since CAMPBELL's Conduct has ſo great appear'd,
And ſav'd us from thoſe Ills we lately fear'd,
All muſt be well; nor need we now deſpair,
Or think that Prince, whoſe Life we hold ſo dear,
Should be expos'd in Arms, and vent'rous Fields of War.

So from his golden Throne ſuperiour *Jove*
Circled with Gods and Goddeſſes above,

Beholds

Beholds the Thunder by his Eagle born
While Mountain Oaks are with the Lightning torn:
The Fowl with Speed the heav'nly Word obeys;
His Maſter's Vengeance terribly diſplays;
Then ſoars aloft with ſtrong victorious Wing,
And waits for freſh Commands beſide the Imperial King.

Fair *Albion*'s Court renown'd for lovely Charms
Expects her Favourite Duke with longing Arms;
With a diſtinguiſh'd Mein and happy Air
To grace each ſhining Circle of the Fair,
His eaſie Motions in the Dance diſplay
And brighten CAROLINA's natal Day.

O form'd to pleaſe in ev'ry Scene of Life,
To ſhine in Peace, or quell ſeditious Strife!
The perjur'd Ruffians of the *High-lands* ſaw
Thy Pow'r, and trembled with a ſudden Awe:
In other Parts, with hardy Boldneſs ſteel'd,
They almoſt make the Royal Forces yield,
And with their Numbers well might hope Succeſs
Had ARGYLE's Courage, as his Force, been leſs.
But, where the intrepid General leads the Van,
Terrour thro' all the Rebel Army ran;

Their Hopes are ſunk in an inglorious Flight,
Their drooping Heads lye ſhaded in the Night;
Hurried with Dread they ſcour it o'er the Plain,
And bleed along the Fields of fam'd *Dumblain.*

So a rude Flock of ſhaggy Goats, inur'd
To live on Mountains and by Rocks ſecur'd,
When firſt they venture on the Plains to feed,
Exult and friſk in ev'ry flow'ry Mead;
But, if a Lion from the Wood appears,
Their Coward Spirits are alarm'd with Fears,
Thro' ev'ry Part a ſecret Horror thrills,
And they regain with ſpeed their native Hills.

What Honours can our Senate then decree
To match the Services perform'd by Thee?
Whoſe noble Blood no Titles can advance,
Nor empty Praiſe your ſpreading Fame enhance.
If ſome bold *Greek* or an illuſtrious Son
Of Ancient *Rome* ſuch mighty Acts had done,
The Chief in *Parian* Marble long had liv'd
Or in the brazen Column been deriv'd,
Eternal Titles had the Statue grac'd,
The Day been noted with an annual Feaſt,

His Virtues blazon'd, and his worthy Name
Stood firſt recorded in the Rolls of Fame.

But when did *Athens*, *Rome*, or *Sparta*, ſhew,
GREAT DUKE, a Leader that could equal You?
Cheap were their Conqueſts from an eaſie Field,
A tender Foe unpractis'd and unskill'd:
In milder Regions, where the Natives ſhare
A Sun more kindly and a happier Air;
Where Wealth and Plenty from a richer Soil
Softn'd their Labours and o'erpaid their Toil.
Ev'n *Hannibal*, whoſe warlike Arm of old
Unconquer'd *Rome* with all her Pow'r controul'd,
O'er the cold *Alps* with Haſte his Force convey'd,
Nor long among the bleaky Mountains ſtay'd;
But ſought with Speed the fertile Vales below,
Unable to ſuſtain thoſe Rocks of Snow.

While You, My LORD, with Patience arm'd, deſpiſe
The rough Inclemencies of *Northern* Skies,
Cut by ſharp Winds the frozen Camp frequent
And animate your Troops from Tent to Tent.
The *Picts* untam'd, penurious and ſtrong,
Always a ſtubborn and rapacious Throng;

Who

Who ſcorn'd the *Roman* Eagles, and defied
Thoſe Lords that conquer'd all the World beſide,
Your Virtue more invincible admire,
And to their froſty Deſerts quick retire,
Purſu'd thro' rigorous Cold, and almoſt ſtarv'd
Among thoſe Hills where once they were preſerv'd.
Whom nor great *Julius* whilom could enthrall
Nor the ſtrong Bulwark of the famous Wall,
Nor all the Aſſaults of after-Times ſubdue,
Yield to our *Cæſar*'s Forces led by You.

But with ſuch willing Pleaſure you engage
To quell the Fury of rebellious Rage;
With ſuch Delight your Country's Freedom guard,
That your own Labours are your beſt Reward.
The Cauſe of Liberty your Soul inſpires,
This with warm Tranſports all your Actions fires:
That we can only wiſh, as Dangers riſe
And freſh Alarms *Britannia*'s Iſle ſurpriſe,
YOUR GRACE again with your auſpicious Hand
May ſhield our Freedom and protect our Land.

FINIS.